



The
**STUDENT'S
PEN**

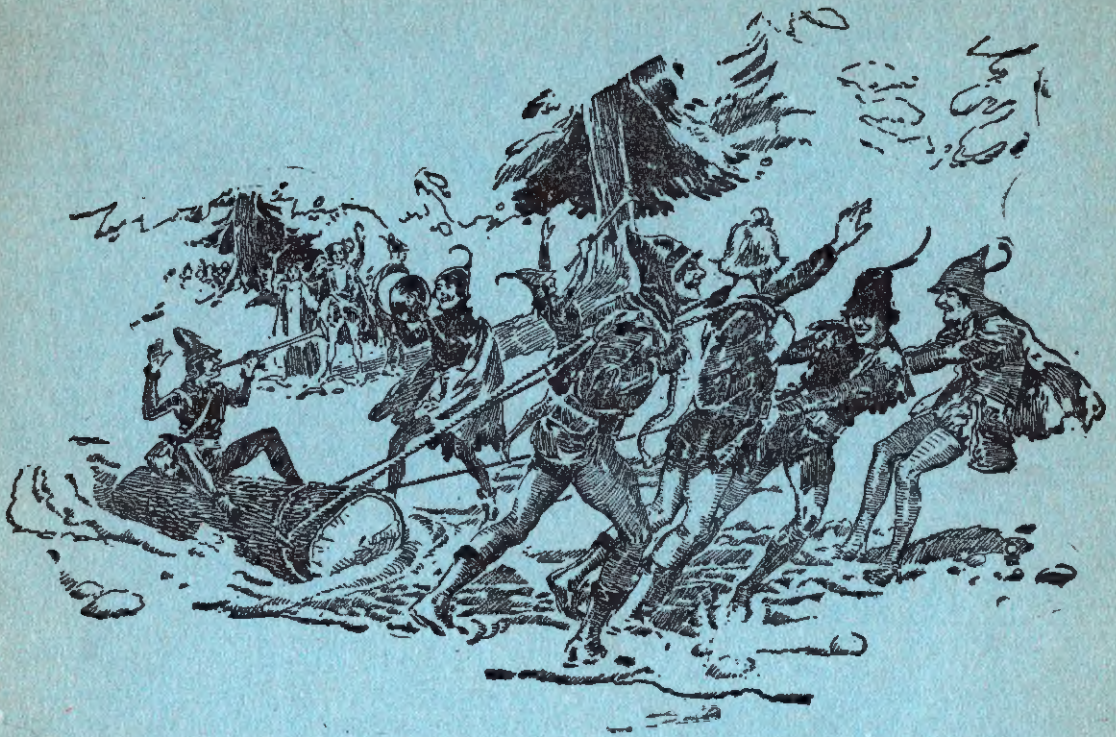


DECEMBER - 1922



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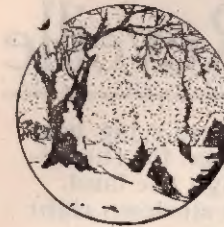
The
**STUDENT'S
PEN**



DECEMBER - 1922



The Christmas Store



Just the jolliest, most inspirational, most satisfying place to do YOUR Christmas shopping is what we are trying to make this store. We want to become famous as champions of the old-fashioned Christmas spirit. We believe that you will find our salespeople courteous even when most pressed by holiday shoppers, that our displays will prove suggestive in helping you to solve your gift problems and that prices are so genuine as not to take any of the joy out of giving.

Shop at the Christmas Store and you will choose successfully.



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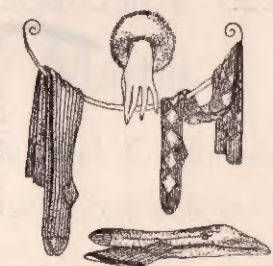


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23 DUNHAM

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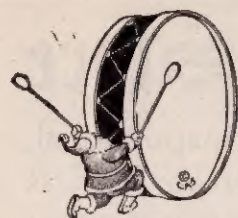


You can't go wrong on Hosiery for Gifts

Beautiful! Serviceable! Appropriate!

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ADVERTISEMENTS



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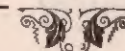
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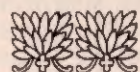
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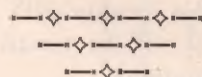
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Be Sure of the Value this Year

THERE is lots of Jewelry in stock right here in Pittsfield at the Old High War-Prices that will be put over, if possible, on the Public this Christmas. We cleared out six months ago this old stock at one-half price---took our loss and it's over. Now we are ready with a new stock of up-to-date Watches and Jewelry at 1922 Prices which means you save *one-third* of the former price.



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The STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

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No. 1

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EDITORIALS

Merry Christmas!

"Merry Christmas!" What good will and cheery greeting are expressed in those two words! Someone has said that "Good bye" embodies a great deal of sadness. If that be true, and it undoubtedly is, "Merry Christmas!" contains an equally great amount of happiness. Hatreds and quarrels are forgotten, and strife ceases at the sound of those magic words: "Merry Christmas!" Enmities vanish, and friendships spring up by the hundreds when the words: "Merry Christmas!" are spoken. Past sorrows and troubles are forgotten; new hopes and renewed faith arise; pessimism gives way to optimism; and melancholy flees before mirth when someone says, "Merry Christmas!" The world loses all its drabness and prosaic monotony, and becomes a veritable fairyland of joy when you hear the words: "Merry Christmas!"

You forgive the fellow who had his trig all done the other day and wouldn't let you take it because "it wouldn't do you any good;" the teacher who was the cause of many weary hours at the discipline session; the ambitious bookworm who reminded your history teacher that she hadn't assigned any lesson for the next day; the brute that gave you a "2" on your report card when you were "working your head off all the time;" the stuck-up young lady who refused your invitation to the Senior dance and then went with your rival,—you forgive them all because they meet you in the corridor and wish you a "Merry Christmas."

So the Pen, in keeping with the prevalent holiday spirit of good-will to everyone, wishes all its readers a Merry Christmas.

Our Annual Editorial

It has been customary for editors of the Pen for the last twenty-nine years to embellish that famous publication with at least one editorial a year on "School Spirit"—(Now we know that nobody will read the rest of this page). But if you care to, you may glance over our candid opinion of the so-called spirit, and therein may be a few surprises for you.

Of all the abused, overworked and ill-used terms we have ever heard of, "School Spirit" suffers the most; and of all the words that literally rasp upon our mind, these two are the worst. For some inexplicable reason they jar our senses; they are repugnant to us; and if we had our way, they would never be used except by license of the student council. Perhaps it is because every baseball, football and basketball manager hurls them at us every time he mounts the stage in the auditorium, or because teachers like to talk about them in class after every game. At any rate, we are so sick of hearing those words used that we would like to have them stricken from the English language, unless they are properly used.

Don't misunderstand us. We believe that a student should be loyal to his school to the *n*th degree. We believe that every student should attend home games if he can possibly do so without seriously inconveniencing himself. We believe that students should attend games outside the city, provided that the money so used is money that would ordinarily be spent for recreation of one kind or another. We believe that students should uphold and coöperate with the institutions of their school to the best of their ability. We believe that students should do all in their power to support materially or otherwise their school teams. We believe that students should have the greatest respect for, and faith in the ability of their principal, teachers, and athletic coach. We believe that that is real School Spirit, and *we believe that that is more than those who are continually shouting about "School Spirit" believe that it means.*

Now on another point: We are not condemning the speakers who address us in assembly, and urge us to attend games or sell tickets. Pittsfield High School would be a pretty dull place were that the case. We love to hear our teams extolled vociferously, we love to cheer and to sing our high school songs; but we demand that speakers stop accusing us of a lack of "School Spirit" in language that is sometimes most aggravating.

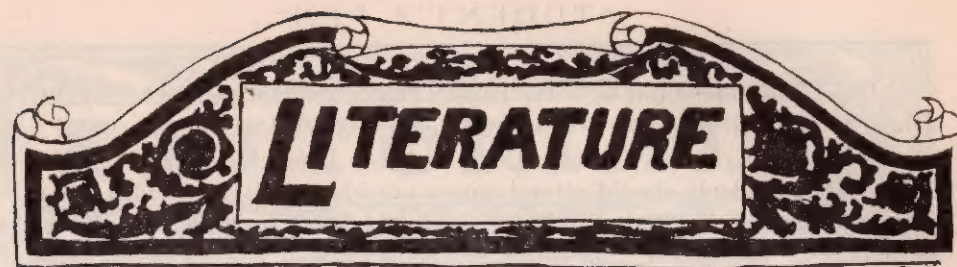
It is bad enough, as we have previously said, to be told about our "miserable school spirit" from the stage in the auditorium, but it is a thousand times worse to be "razzed" about it in the columns of our daily newspaper, as happened some time ago. To be told that Pittsfield High is a "bookworm factory" is rather exasperating, isn't it? And people began to say: "Why, what's the matter down there, what has happened?" Nothing was wrong, nothing had happened—except this: Pittsfield High was at that time making a campaign for a greater display of "School Spirit" at football games, and the individuals who wrote those letters doubtless intended to do their part in that campaign; but they should have known better than to make such sweeping statements as they did.

The whole discussion simmers itself down to this, which might be placed under the name of

The Student's Creed

1. I believe that School Spirit, as defined above, is a vital element in my school life.
2. I believe that it is a sacred thing, and should not be mis-interpreted nor mis-used.
3. I believe that it is not confined to athletic contests nor to the classroom, but to every school activity, and I will do my best to further this spirit in my school.

E. J. H.



Christmas Hearts

As the last strains of "Home Sweet Home" were wafted over the brilliantly lighted ball-room, an intense silence fell upon the company. Through a partly opened window came the sweet sound of chimes ringing out the hour of twelve, intermingled with the heavenly melody of "Holy Night."

It was Christmas morning. What an exalted feeling this thought instilled in the hearts of everyone, and how happily they bade each other "Merry Christmas!" How light-hearted were all the guests as they said goodnight to their hostess, assuring her that her Christmas Eve dance had been a great success! This, surely, was the truth; and it was many days before the talk of Cynthia Mason's Christmas party completely died out among the young people of Berkely.

But to one person the whole affair had been inexplicably dull. Esineth Randall, riding home in her luxurious limousine, could find no Christmas spirit in her heart, and, moreover, knew of no good reason for feeling merry. Her new dress had been the admiration and envy of every girl at the party, and surely no other girl had had more partners or had been more popular than she. But even those things, and the fact that Jack Reynolds, the best dancer and most popular young fellow in the town, was accompanying her home, did not console her. She listened uninterested to his gay comments, and by the time they had reached her home she had decided that he was really tiresome. She tried to appear gay and happy as she bade him goodnight, but she failed utterly. Alone in her room she sat down and began to pity herself.

To any poorer girl, the lot of Esineth would hardly have seemed deserving of pity. Her father was a banker and the richest man in the aristocratic town of Berkely. Esineth was his idol, and to him she was perfection itself. Her wish was his law, and nothing pleased him more than to make her happy. But, on the other hand, he never saw her a great deal. During the day he was busy at his office, and seldom came home to lunch. At night it seemed that there was always a meeting or an urgent call from his club to keep him away from home. On such rare occasions as he was at home, he was generally tired from his day's troubles and worries. Esineth's mother and sister had been killed in an accident while she was very young; and now she was even deprived of the one thing she needed so much—her father's interest in her.

As she sat there, with her chin resting on her hands, she began to wonder just what the trouble was. The more she thought, the more puzzled she became. Yet she could find no reason for being so unhappy. She listened for a moment; not a sound could be heard in any part of the house. Through the window, as

far as she could see, all was white with snow. How quiet and peaceful everything was! She imagined to herself how many children were dreaming of their Christmas treasures; even the trees, outlined fantastically against the moonlit sky, seemed to find comfort and friendliness within their bare branches.

But she,—she was all alone. That was the trouble—she was lonely. Try as she would to put this thought aside, it would not leave her. She was lonely for love and companionship.

Suddenly the desire to go outdoors came to her; even the snow and ice could give her more comfort than this big house where no one cared for her. Without second thought, she put on a thick wrap and, creeping stealthily down stairs, she soon found herself outdoors under the starlit sky—and how good it seemed! With no thought of direction, she started to walk; and she was so taken up with her meditations that she did not notice where she was going. When she finally stopped and looked about her, she was standing before a small house not half so beautiful as her's but with the appearances of a real home. In the front window, two Christmas candles were burning, one on either side of a holly wreath. What friendliness glowed in those two lights, placed there to greet any chance wayfarer! While Esineth stood looking at them, a light was turned on in the room, casting its cheery reflection into the deserted street. Through a door at the far end of the room a curly head emerged cautiously, followed by a diminutive body clothed in white pajamas. The little boy rubbed his eyes sleepily. Behind him appeared a little girl who also showed plainly that, not many minutes before, she, too, had been in dreamland. The two kiddies ran joyously to a large Christmas tree and, while they were exulting over their gifts, a man and woman appeared at the door, their faces wreathed in smiles.

To Esineth this picture was nothing short of marvelous; and her lips trembled as she compared her own case with that of the little children.

Meanwhile Mr. Randall, returning from a strenuous day's work, went into the library, hoping to forget his business cares. As he sat looking into the fireplace, the flames began to take curious forms. Attracted by their queer shapes he watched more closely and suddenly he saw himself pictured as an old and worn-out man, unloved and uncared for. Then, as he looked again, the picture died away.

In a moment he was on his feet. Of course it was only a dream, but it troubled him. All was clear now. How cruel, how selfish he had been! Involuntarily he went to Esineth's room. She was gone. Where? He was sure that he had heard her come in. What could have happened to her? Then slowly the truth came to him. She had gone away—had left him forever, perhaps. The thought stunned him. Half-dazed, he left the house and began to walk hurriedly. What new resolutions he made, and how he chided himself as he went along that snowy way!

* * * * *

Esineth was so entranced that she could not turn from that window. By this time the happy children were running about the room with their new toys and laughing and shouting with glee.

Suddenly an arm slipped around the girl's shoulder, and a voice, full of pent-up feeling, whispered, "Esineth."

She wondered at the lightness of her heart as she answered, "Daddy."

If the barren trees and snowy landscape saw and understood the reconciliation that took place in front of that house, they have never told the secret; and when, later that morning, the father and daughter returned home, they could say to everyone from the bottom of their hearts—"A Merry Christmas."

Dorothy Cain '24

Freedom

The wild, hilly country of Virginia and its western namesake have furnished the setting for many a weird and adventurous tale; but the days of feuds, when the rough mountaineer regarded no law as superior to his own, have passed. Even dwellers in the remotest spots now bow before a law which has made itself felt; and which, they have come to know, is not to be dealt with lightly. However, now and then, the old quarrelsome, lawless spirit breaks out; and although it seldom leads to the extent of crime that it did formerly, the law is quite frequently disregarded.

One of the men who still retained the traditions and spirit of his fathers was Abner Smith, whose rude habitat, hidden away in a deep gulch, furnished an excellent place for carrying on a certain illegal business. There had been a time in his youth, when, dreaming of business success, he had gone into Cove and started a small store. For several years it appeared that his dream had come true; and, having saved a goodly amount, he married the minister's daughter. She was a delicate girl, saintly and sensitive; and she loved her husband affectionately.

For a short time they lived very happily, and then one day he was arrested. He had broken the law—a small offense to him, untaught in the great principles of law, and punishment was beyond understanding. It left a wound in his heart that time served only to deepen. In this period of trouble his little wife clung to him, in spite of all the entreaties and threats of her family.

After Smith's release from jail, a longing for his childhood home seized him and he could not resist it. Thither he set out with his unhappy, though uncomplaining wife and their little daughter, Veneida.

It was hard to make an honest living in such a place, especially when the nearest town refused to do business with him.

"Then," he reasoned, "why should I, who have attempted to live decently, be deprived of every chance because of one offense?"

Such ponderings led him at last to the business of manufacturing and smuggling liquor.

The gentle, frail wife did not live long after they had moved to the mountains. Their disgrace, the hardship and privations of life in the rude hut were too much for her, and she died with never a word of complaint. Abner had loved her dearly, but he never knew what she had suffered. As he looked for the last time on her face, a terrible anger and hatred filled his soul. At that time Fate seemed the only one he could blame for his misfortune; but as the years passed

he grew more and more bitter against that world beyond the mountain, which had made him an outcast. The sole joy of his life was his pretty little Veneida.

When her mother died, the girl was about four years old, full of cheer and laughter, a playmate for the squirrels and an audience for the birds. As she grew older, she began to question her father concerning the world that lay just over the mountain-tops, and its people, of whom she occasionally saw one, but whom she instinctively feared. She believed that her father knew everything and he often found his resources sorely taxed by her eager questions. Through him, she came to know of the terrible things called laws that ruled men's lives; of a useless thing called education; of a person called God, living out of sight in the sky, in whom her mother had trusted but who had forsaken her; of men, who would take her father away and shut him up in a building with iron bars in the windows if they caught him.

These and all the other things her father could tell her, she stored away in her active mind. There was one thing above all others that her father strove to impress upon her: that she must always remain free and never be ruled by these unjust laws.

Her father went away once a month. He never told her where; but he always returned smiling, with food, a dress or a trinket for her, and a great deal of the stuff he called money. One evening, when he returned from one of these trips, she noticed immediately that he did not have the smile.

"Dadda," she cried, "what ez the mattah?"

"They ez tryin' ter git me with their laws agin, Vennie," he told her, "but they cahn't do it. Ah'll git the bettah o' them this time, Ah will. They kin make their laws ter ferbid me sellin' liquah but Ah'll sell it ez long ez there's them that'll buy it."

Not long after this incident he failed to return from his still one night. The supper became cold on the table, and finally, alarmed, Vennie went to look for her father. She found no trace of him and returned to the hut, terrified and lonely. Over and over she moaned, "The laws have got 'im. The laws have got 'im. They's cotched him sure. What will Ah do? What will Ah do?" All that night she lay in terror, and all through the next day she watched and waited in vain. A vague hope came to her that perhaps if he was over beyond the ridge she might find him. So, just before sunset she started out, taking no food or supplies with her and utterly without an idea of where she was going or how she was going to get there. Following the path her father always took, she wandered along aimlessly, peering here and there as though she expected to find "Dadda" crouching behind a tree, playing hide and seek with her. Darkness closed in around her, but still she stumbled on with only instinct to guide her.

A light! The neigh of a horse! She realized that she was tired. The light was a danger signal but the neigh sounded friendly and comforting. Fearfully, stealthily, she stole into the barn and threw herself upon the sweet-smelling hay. At dawn, she awoke from a restful slumber and softly stole to the door. All was quiet. She fed the horse, led him from the stable, mounted and rode away.

The new sights along the road delighted her. The fresh morning breeze fanned her face as she urged her horse into a gallop. It was all so strange, so

beautiful. In the midst of her joy she was startled by the sound of hoofs and shouting behind her, which the galloping of her own horse had hitherto drowned. There was no chance of escape. She turned and faced her pursuer.

"Hyah, girl," he shouted, "whah you all takin' my hoss?"

The girl tossed her head and answered proudly, "Ah did not know he was youah hoss but Ah need him now and Ah'se goin' ter keep him 'till Ah find my dadda. Ef you all want him then, you can have him."

"Wal, you little thief," said the man, "ef that's the way you all feel, we'll go and see the sheriff. Come on."

She followed him because there was no alternative, and because she thought that maybe the sheriff was someone who could help her find her dadda.

And he was! The first man she saw when she entered the little building with iron bars in the windows was "Dadda."

They were both shut up in a little, bare cell and while they were alone talked softly together, although they could not see each other. Her father dared not tell her what he was doing but she guessed from the grating sound that she heard every night that he was making preparations for escape. At last, the night came when it was accomplished and together they fled back toward the mountains.

Morning found them closely pursued and before they reached familiar country they were overtaken. It all happened in an instant. The man made a threatening advance toward her father. She knew their freedom was at an end and her father had warned her to resist the attempts of these men to make her a slave of their laws. Like the animals of the jungle that desperately fight against captivity, or the hare that makes a wild effort to escape from its captor, she obeyed her instinct. The man crumpled and fell. The stone had found its mark.

His comrades seized her before she could make another move, and brought her to town to be tried. The trial was brief and thrilling. The pitiful appeals of her father could not save her. The sheriff's friends were many. They wanted to make an example of this "moonshiner" and his wild, uneducated daughter. The case against her was clear.

The last day of the trial, a sorrowful crowd filled the court room. Many an eye was filled with tears and some women could not help sobbing aloud. A hush fell over the room as the prisoner was led in. The days of the trial seemed to have increased her beauty. She held her head high and in her eyes was a gleam of triumph. All wondered at the attitude she seemed to have taken toward her perilous position.

The jury filed in. Every one leaned forward; every breath was held. Abner Smith sat with his head buried in his arms. Great sobs shook his whole body. The prisoner herself was unconcerned with what the foreman of the jury was saying. She was gazing at the distant mountains and her eyes had become soft and dreamy. The voice of the judge came to her but she heard only two words: "life imprisonment." She stood up. A shiny blade flashed in the sun.

"Good-bye, Dadda," she said softly, "Ah's goin' ter be free."

Mary E. Beebe '24

Christmas Guests

"Are you taking all those books home, Marian?"

Incredulously the black-haired girl asked the question, pausing in her use of that most feminine weapon, the powder-puff.

"Yes, I am," was the absent-minded answer; and Marion departed without further words.

The black-haired girl turned to one of her friends, with a shrug of the shoulders. With her, it was a pretty gesture, and she knew it. Eleanor King had a reputation for prettiness. Her hair was bobbed, of course, and carefully curled. The powder was not too thick to look well. Her blue eyes sparkled with laughter much of the time. She was always stylishly dressed. She was a striking contrast to the preoccupied Marian Marvin, who had just trudged away with five big books under her arm. Marion was all intellect. Her clothes were usually a bit askew. Powder-puffs meant nothing in her life. She was calm and conscientious; she studied hard, struggling for high marks. She had unusual ability, which she developed to the full. She was the predestined valedictorian of her class. Enjoying the climb up the ladder of learning, she threw her energy into it. If she was missing anything, she did not know it.

Eleanor, however, appeared to know it.

"Laura," she remarked, after that shrug of the shoulders previously mentioned, "Marian is queer. Doesn't she ever do anything but study?"

"Guess not," was the careless reply.

"I couldn't do it to save my life! You know—" here she interjected a dazzling smile, aimed at a member of the stronger sex who was passing, "I really pity her. Say, we're going to be late for the movies if we don't hurry. Come on. It is Rodolph Valentino, you know; he was marvelous in "Blood and Sand", and the two disappeared down the corridor.

Meanwhile, Marian walked home slowly, with another who had joined her. The two were deep in a discussion of Virgil. Reluctantly they parted at Marian's door. After entering, Marian deposited her books on the hall table and her coat and hat on a convenient hook in the closet.

Mrs. Marvin met her with a perplexed look on her face, and perplexing news on her mind.

"Your Aunt Kate has written that she and Celia are coming here to stay over Christmas. I expect them tomorrow. I don't know how I'm going to get ready for them. I would have known sooner but the letter was delayed. And of course I can't blame them; I asked them to come any time. And it's nice to have Christmas guests."

"Oh, so they're coming, are they?"

"Yes, Marian, and you'll have to help me some, or I can't get things ready. I was going to do the ironing tomorrow, but it will have to be done this afternoon so that I can bake in the morning. Won't you do it? There isn't very much, and I've got to do other things."

"Well, I've got to write a three-page theme for tomorrow, and I don't even know what to write yet."

"Then think about it while you're ironing."

"But mother!"

"You ought to have started the theme before this, I should think. Anyway, didn't I hear you say the other day it was optional?"

"Yes, but—"

"Now Marian, listen. School work is important, but it's not the only thing to consider. You get good marks, anyway; but if you took domestic science I don't know what your mark would be. You spend most of your time on school work, and I think that today you'll have to do a little housework for a change. I'm going to have unexpected company and I need your help. And remember, a woman's chief calling is still home-making."

The girl reluctantly went to the kitchen and started her ironing. Were all mothers like hers, she wondered? Perhaps they were, but, if so, other girls didn't seem to mind as much as she did. Probably they liked housework better; they had to like something else if they didn't like their studies.

"Christmas guests!" Marian had a mild curiosity about her cousin Celia, whom she had never seen, though she had seen her aunt once before. Probably Celia was like Aunt Kate, polite, sober, and always talking about unknown people, many of whom were "in the better land." But she might be different, being young. In any case, Marian was not much interested in Celia. She knew that Celia could not appreciate the beauty of a geometry proposition, or the rhythm of Virgil. And, (although Marian did not voice this idea to herself), she felt sure that Celia was no more interested in her than she in Celia, which was not a welcome feeling. Marian knew she herself was different from other girls; she never considered that Celia might be, too.

The next day Marian marched off to school, rather cross because of the unpleasant consciousness that she did not know the last eight lines of her Latin. The Christmas guests were expected early in the afternoon. They would probably arrive before Marian got home. Marian wondered how much chance she would have to study during the rest of this last week before vacation.

When she reached school she found Eleanor King, surrounded by admiring friends, relating thrilling events which had been portrayed in the movies the day before. Marian did not linger; she walked upstairs, her mind full of reflections on the harmfulness of present-day customs to young folks. She was interested in social problems, in a general way. She soon forgot her ideas on the movies, however, in a studious whirl which lasted all day. Eleanor watched her at times, half curiously and half pityingly.

Not daring to take more than two books, Marian went home. She dutifully greeted Aunt Kate, and was introduced to Celia. Surveying this cousin critically, she saw a vivacious girl with a glowing face surrounded by dark brown hair, who was plainly glad to see her.

"I am so glad to see you at last, Marian. It seems too bad that we can't have more time together this week; but we'll make up for it next week, won't we?"

Marian assented. Celia was not all as she had expected; but it was going to be bad enough all the same. One of these girls that won't let you alone one minute, she decided.

That afternoon was rather pleasant, however. The two girls talked about many things, including books. For Celia seemed to be as much interested in books as Marian, although the latter knew that books were not Celia's hobby. Marian talked with animation about her studies, and books she had read. Her cousin listened sympathetically, with evident admiration. Marian admitted to herself that she liked her cousin after all.

For the sake of politeness, she finally asked Celia about her own amusements; and Celia told her about her friends, and a few hikes and games that she had enjoyed, also a little about her own studies. Marian listened with an undefinable feeling, a mixture of resentment and curiosity and wishing. Celia seemed different from herself, and yet not like Eleanor King, whom she considered her direct opposite.

Then the girls helped Mrs. Marvin with the supper. Celia always seemed glad to help other people. Her unselfishness did not seem to be self-sacrifice; it was only her way of enjoying herself.

After supper, the studious one, rather embarrassed, said she had some work to do. To her relief, Celia took it as a matter of course, and spent the evening reading, and talking with Aunt Kate a little. Marian studied industriously. It rather looked as if she would be able to study enough even if Celia were there. She thought about her cousin, trying to analyze her character,—that constant thoughtfulness, as herself, but certainly enjoying life. What made her so attractive, anyway? She didn't try to be; at least not in the way most girls did. Marian was sure she herself was not attractive; she had never cared anything about it. But perhaps it was worth while. It would please others. Marian realized that she was not accustomed to look at things from the viewpoint of others. Why, perhaps that was the reason. Being tired, she stopped reflecting and finished her studying.

The week went by quickly, and school closed. The next few days were busy and pleasant. Marian and Celia were sending off Christmas presents. They shared the feelings of the little girl who said she was going to surprise everybody with Christmas presents:

"But I guess I'll have to hurry, for tomorrow's Christmas Day,

And I haven't got my needle threaded yet!"

Finally the presents were finished, and Christmas Day came. The Marvins had a little Christmas tree, three feet high, on a table in the living-room. There were candles on it instead of electric lights; for they seemed prettier, if old-fashioned.

Marian's father, who had been away on a business trip, came home for Christmas. The five had a merry time together, examining presents and thanking each other, and telling stories and playing games. The tired mother joined in the gladness of the day. She was not as tired as she might have been, she knew, for the rest had helped her; Celia especially was a lively "angel in the house;" and Marian, beginning to see for the first time how her mother worked and lived entirely for others, not for herself, helped willingly. Somehow, by associating with Celia, Marian was coming to think of things she had never thought of before. She felt as if she would like to be more like her cousin, and she was unconsciously becoming so.

The day soon came for the Christmas guests to leave. Marian regretfully kissed them goodbye. Aunt Kate was a dear little old woman, though she lived in the past, as was quite natural. Her husband, two children, and many of her old friends were dead. Celia was all she had left; and this daughter made her life bright; she was a lovely girl. So thought Marian as she watched them go. Then she turned to her mother who stood beside her, and she was strangely glad; glad because of the happy vacation behind her, and glad because of the future, when she was to discover more and more that happiness came from helping others.

School began again with the new year. Marian saw all her schoolmates again. During the next few weeks she became more intimate with many of the girls; she was undeniably more popular. She couldn't see why.

One day Eleanor King unburdened her mind to the ever-sympathetic Laura. "Whatever has come over Marian Marvin lately? She is so different. Terribly smart, as she always was, but not a book-worm at all. You know, I used to pity her. But now I sort of envy her. She seems to be always having a good time; she doesn't look worried like she used to. Does my hair look all right, Laura?"

Erminie Huntress, P. G.

Pep, Fate and Co.

A Tale of the further adventures of Johnny Evans, Salesman

Augustus H. Prinville, president of the Prinville Fence Company of Prinville, Ohio, sat at his huge mahogany desk and delivered his annual oration to Johnny Evans, who was about to begin another campaign in the west.

"Evans," he said, "I fully appreciate the fact that the sale which you made last year to the Two-Bar ranch in Arizona broke all our salesmanship records. Nevertheless, I expect you to break even that record this year."

"I'll try sir," said Johnny, "but I can't expect Fate to play into my hands all the time, and it certainly was Fate—"

"Fate, bah!" ejaculated Augustus. "It was pep, I tell you. Pep, pep! P-e-p, PEP! The correspondence courses say 'Personality plus,' but I tell you a salesman's prime requirement is pep!"

"Sir," said Johnny, who could not resist the temptation to use his witty tongue when the occasion was offered, "my middle name is Pep," and he handed old Prinville a card on which was engraved:

John P. Evans

Representing the Prinville Fence Co.

Prinville laughed, and shook hands with Johnny, wishing him the best of luck. Then he picked up the little card and said to himself: "I wonder what his middle name really is?"

* * * * *

Seven days later Johnny was far away from the prosaic streets and drab surroundings of Prinville. His famous automobile had served him well, and had carried him into a little suburb of Paradise—the San Benito valley in California. Johnny had traveled much in the course of his career,—he had seen the Alps, Killarney, Normandy in apple-blossom time, Sleepy Hollow, and Greenfield,

Mass., but never had he set eyes on such a delightful bit of fairyland as this valley, with the old mission in the middle of it and the little San Benito river flowing through it.

"Wonderful!" he exclaimed, as he stepped on the gas and sped up to the door of the mission.

The aged padre who, with a handful of Indian servants, kept the mission from falling into ruins, came rushing out to ascertain the cause of such a terrible banging and rattling.

"Good afternoon, father," said Johnny, respectfully. "How they comin'? -a-er-How goes it?—no—I mean—well, darn it, I can't parley Spanish, but you know what I mean."

"I know," said the padre. "You wish to know the state of affairs at the mission."

"Eggs-actly," returned Johnny. "You win the asbestos fire-crack—oh, yes, you were saying, if I remember rightly, you were about to tell me the state of affairs at the mission, weren't you?"

"I was," said the priest.

"Well," said Johnny, nonchalantly, "spill it.—a-er-Yes, father, do tell me. I'm all ears—I mean—I'd love to hear all about it."

"Very well," said the padre, "you shall hear. . . Time was, my son, when the mission of San Benito was happy and prosperous. For acres and acres around stretched its grain-fields,—great yellow oceans, turbulent and tossing in the summer breezes. Those hills yonder were covered with vineyards, wonderful vineyards, cared for and cultivated by hundreds of loving hands. To the very base of the snow-capped Sierras our orange-groves extended, and here, on the banks of the river, grazed our cattle. At eventide the mission bells tolled, and from everywhere in the valley came the happy, God-loving people to vespers."

He closed his eyes and sighed.

"And now—?" Johnny prompted.

"Now," said the padre, "all is changed. Bit by bit we have lost our lands, our grain-fields, our vineyards, and our orange groves. Our cattle are never safe from bandit raids, and the Indians are fast dying or leaving the mission for the wealth in the cities, which travelers who visit here tell them about. I still toll the bells at sunset, but there is no one to enter the chapel, no one save my few servants and my niece, Rita. Ah, it is depressing and discouraging, and I fear I would fail my task were it not for the grace which Heaven sends me."

"It is pretty tough luck," Johnny agreed, "and I do feel sorry for you. But I am also astounded at the fact that you do nothing to prevent such a miserable condition!"

"Alas," said the padre, "what can I do?"

"You can not only keep the bandits and visitors out," Johnny asserted, "but you can also keep your redskins in! The why, wherefore, when and howsoever of this statement I will now demonstrate to you."

He turned to his auto and proceeded to unstrap the huge, cylindrical trunk which he always carried on the back.

"If heaven sends you grace every day in the year," he said, "then this must be your birthday, and they're sending me and the Apocalypse as a birthday present."

"Apocalypse!" echoed the padre. "I don't understand."

"Well," Johnny explained, "I call my car here the Apocalypse: it has about four horse-power. . . . As I was saying, father, inside this trunk is fifty feet of the greatest fencing in the world—Prinville fence, made by the Prinville Fence Company, of Prinville, Ohio, Augustus H. Prinville, President. It is positively, unreservedly and absolutely guaranteed to keep out anything and everything on the outside of it, and keep in anything and everything on the inside of it. Why, father, there was a man in Kokomo, Indiana, who was greatly troubled with microbes,—greatly troubled. He put a few rods of Prinville fence around his domicile and *hasn't seen a microbe since!* Now if you were to string half a mile of it around the mission your troubles would end quicker than a parlor tete-a-tete when somebody turns on the light."

The padre smiled, and said: "My son, I will give the matter my most serious consideration."

II

Despite the assertions of old Prinville, Fate was again collaborating with Johnny, though in a much different way than before.

A motion-picture producing company arrived at the mission that same day, and asked the padre if they might spend a day or two there in order to film some exteriors. The padre, whose hospitality was exceeded only by his goodness, speedily granted this request; and invited the whole company in to supper, although they insisted that they had brought their own food and did not wish to impose upon the priest.

At supper Johnny first saw the padre's niece, Rita. She was a jewel, resplendent in her simple white dress, her shiny black eyes twinkling merrily. Jet black hair, cheeks slightly tanned by the sun, and the ruby red lips hiding her pearly teeth. . . . What a picture she was!

Johnny fell hard; but not alone. There was an assistant director with the movie company,—a puny, consumptive, spectacled shrimp who bore the staggering cognomen of Cecil de Mille Griffith O'Hara—and he likewise became very, very amoureux, which is polite French for "lovesick." But Rita did not so much as smile at either, and there the matter rested, for a short while.

Anyone in love should never walk in the San Benito valley by moonlight, but there strolled Johnny, shortly after nine o'clock. A glorious California moon was gilding the peaks of the distant Sierras and bathing the valley in a soft mellow light. The lapping of the water on the shore, and its musical gurgling about the rocks, the soft sighing of the breeze in the cottonwoods, the soulful cry of a nightingale to its mate, —all these things produced upon Johnny an effect which even the fact that he had sold no fencing could not counteract.

Here was Paradise itself —twinkling stars, whispering winds and—

Zum, Zum, Zum, Zum-a-Zum, Zum—

Johnny awoke suddenly from his reverie. Who dared so sacreligiously break

the silence of that wonderful night? Gone was Paradise, gone were the twinkling stars, the whispering winds!

Johnny hastened in the direction from which the sound came, and his worst fears were realized: Cecil de Mille Griffith O'Hara was serenading Rita with a "prop" guitar! Or rather he was trying to serenade her,—the window of her balcony remained closed.

A sweet idea of revenge entered Johnny's mind. He hastened to the shed where he had put the Apocalypse, started the engine, and gave it the gas until it spluttered like a battery of gatling-guns.

Out rushed the padre with all his servants.

"Ah," he said, when he saw Johnny, "you gave me a terrible fright. I feared it was the bandits again."

"Awful sorry, father," said Johnny. "I wouldn't have disturbed your sleep for anything. I just wanted to test the engine," and he glared at Cecil, who had likewise rushed to the scene of action. "By the way, father," he added, turning to the padre again, "did you have any special reason for expecting a bandit raid tonight? Have they been around here lately?"

"Not lately," the padre replied, "for I haven't left the mission unprotected. They watch it closely. This morning, however, I sent ten of my fifteen servants for supplies. They must have seen them going, and their scouts probably rode immediately to the rendezvous, which is fifty miles from here. This would prevent their seeing the film company's arrival, and so they probably think I am here alone.—They may be on the way here now, and, while there are plenty of men in the mission, I do not relish a battle."

"Can't say as I do, either," Johnny acquiesced. "Well, there's another argument in favor of a little Prinville fencing." He took the padre aside and said to him: "Have you given the matter your most serious consideration yet?"

"I have," the padre replied. "I cannot buy your fencing: I have no money."

"Oh, that's all right," Johnny said easily, "I'll trust you. I know an honest man when I see him, and the minute I set eyes on you I said to myself: 'This bird is honest.' I'll trust you for anything you want."

"But," said the padre, "I will never have any money."

"Never?" Johnny demanded.

"Never," the padre replied.

"Hmm," said Johnny, very thoughtfully. "That is a difficult problem to solve. But where there's a will there's a way. Do you really want some fencing?"

"Very much," said the padre.

"Well," said Johnny. "I think I have a plan. If you'll excuse me, I'll see what can be done. Goodnight!"

And Johnny strode away whistling, to the place where Cecil de Mille Griffith O'Hara was sitting.

"Cecil," he said, in a serious tone, "I never knew you were a piker. I never thought that the Paraffine Pictures Company was so cheap as to send such a gang as this out here to impose upon the hospitality of a good-hearted old priest. I never—"

"But, my dear sir," Cecil interposed, "I wanted to pay him regular hotel rates for all of us, and he refused."

"Of course he refused," said Johnny. "He's not running this mission as a roadhouse."

"Then how," Cecil demanded, "can I repay his kindness?"

"Very simple, indeed," Johnny explained, "Suppose you were to take a nice wad of twenties and slip it in the padre's coat pocket when he wasn't looking; might put a note in it: 'From a grateful friend,' or something like that."

"Sounds plausible," said Cecil, "But the question is: how many twenties?"

"Oh, well," Johnny replied, "a company with your finances shouldn't give a cent less than two hundred dollars. And think of the advertising you'll get! Why, when I go back East and tell 'em all about your new picture I'll say: 'And they spent two hundred dollars just for the privilege of shooting a few exteriors!' Then the name of the Paraffine Pictures Company is famous!"

This explanation suited Cecil; he promised Johnny that he would act upon the plan at once. And so it was that the padre found ten twenty-dollar bills in his coat pocket the next day.

III

Fate now began to play her cards in an entirely unapparent way. Cecil de Mille Griffith O'Hara announced that that night he was going to film the big scene of the picture—the attack of the bandits on the old mission and the kidnapping of the heroine.

Thirty miles away a daring band of outlaws was sweeping across the little San Juan desert, chuckling to themselves at the thoughts of the spoils which they were going to sieze at the mission—the rich wine, a few cattle, the padre's gold chalice, and, perhaps, his niece, Rita.

At nine-thirty o'clock Cecil, megaphone in hand, announced that all was ready. The movie heroine was sitting beneath a eucalyptus tree, strumming a guitar. Standing near another tree, well out of the camera's range, were Rita and Johnny, interested in the proceedings. The spotlights were in position and the camera men stood ready to "shoot."

Cecil drew from his pocket a whistle and blew three shrill blasts upon it.

"Shoot!" he yelled to the photographers.

From behind a little knoll near the mission swept a dozen horsemen with the speed of a hurricane.

"Wonderful!" Cecil screamed, throwing his megaphone into the air.

Straight towards the heroine they sped. Cecil was in ecstasy. A rider leaned over in his saddle and snatched up the girl without lessening his speed in the least. And then—another rider leaned over in his saddle and *snatched up Rita, while from around another corner of the mission came a dozen more horsemen!*

Cecil was thunderstruck. Before him were the movie bandits, completely bewildered. Fifty yards away were the mysterious riders, with the heroine and Rita.

Johnny sensed the situation in a second.

"Here, you sleepy, shrimpy, dumbell director!" he yelled at Cecil. "Take those blanks out of the revolvers and put in some bullets! Quick!"

Then he sprinted to the shed, hopped into the Apocalypse, and sped out into the yard.

"Get in here!" he ordered Cecil. "And you, you prop bandits, le'me see how good you can act!"

Away went the Apocalypse over the narrow, bumpy road, and away went the movie bandits after it. The real bandits were now an almost indiscernable speck in the distance.

Banging, rattling, squeaking, bumping, jangling went the Apocalypse. Cecil was scared; Johnny didn't have time to think about being scared. He knew that somewhere up the road the girl he loved was the captive of a bandit tribe. He forgot all else.

It began to rain, and to thunder. The bandits raced on,—the Apocalypse, skidding dangerously, following them. It was plain that the auto was gaining, for the horses were tired and two had fallen already. The bandits were alarmed; they must shake off their pursuers in some way. So they dropped the two girls roughly in the muddy road and fled on.

Johnny did not intend to be put aside from his purpose and he still continued the chase, speeding by the movie heroine and Rita, who begged him to stop.

"But Johnny," said Cecil, gasping, "I hope you don't expect to capture the bandits single-handed?"

"You're here," Johnny answered, curtly.

"Yes," said Cecil, "but—but I can't shoot, and—and I can't be shot! I've got to finish that picture, or I'll lose my job!"

"Shut up," Johnny snapped.

The road at this point was very narrow, and circled the top of a huge dirt cliff. Suddenly the bandits stopped and plunged down the cliff.

"Thank heavens!" Cecil groaned, "they're gone."

"Gone nothing!" said Johnny. "We're going after them!"

"Down the cliff?"

"Maybe."

Cecil almost had heart failure as they reached the top of the cliff. Johnny stopped the Apocalypse and peered into the darkness.

Halfway down the cliff were the bandits, stumbling, falling, some on horses, others jumping and rolling. An idea popped into Johnny's mind.

"The trunk, Cecil!" he yelled. "Unstrap it!"

Cecil obeyed and in ten seconds Johnny had the huge cylinder poised on the top of the cliff.

"After 'em!" he shouted, and gave it a push.

Down the cliff it rolled, gaining speed with every revolution, straight into the fleeing group of bandits. It knocked over three horses and as many men, and then continued its way unhindered to the bottom.

"Now then," said Johnny to Cecil, "give me that gun."

Cecil obeyed and the two began the descent of the cliff.

The movie bandits had by this time arrived on the scene, and they, too, joined in the chase.

And, without further tiresome description, be it said that every bandit was captured.

IV

"After the storm comes the sunshine" say the words of a once-popular song, and when Johnny strolled out into the yard of the mission the next morning he was whistling merrily. Twelve more points to add to his record as bandit-captor, the love of the sweetest girl in the world, and the prospects of selling some fencing. Why shouldn't he whistle?

The padre, having finished mass, came out of the chapel.

"Good morning, father," said Johnny. "Have you reconsidered your decision about the fencing?"

"I have," said the priest. "Some good angel slipped two hundred dollars into my coat pocket yesterday and—"

"And you're going to spend it all for fencing!" Johnny shouted.

"Well," said the padre, "not all; I have spent a little already."

"For what?" Johnny asked.

"You shall see," the padre replied; "come with me to the shed yonder."

Johnny followed wondering. He could not imagine how the padre had spent his money.

The old priest paused at the door of the shed.

"My son," he said, "I have bought something which will be of far more value to me than all the fencing in the world."

Then, opening the door, he cried: "Behold!"

And Johnny collapsed. *The padre had bought a second-hand Ford!*

A week later Johnny again confronted Augustus H. Prinville.

"Sir," he said, "I have come to inform you that my relations with this Company are at an end."

"What!" ejaculated Prinville. "Why are you doing this?"

"In the first place," Johnny replied, "I am going to be married, and my bride-to-be insists that I stay near her constantly. The other reasons are—well, I'd rather not explain."

"I won't inquire into your private affairs, Evans," said Prinville, "nor will I attempt to induce you to stay against the wishes of your future wife. I have but one question to ask you: How many miles did you sell this time?"

"Sir," said Johnny, timidly, "I have in my hand an order from the padre in charge of the San Benito mission for fifteen—"

"Miles?" shrieked old Prinville.

"Y-Y-Yards," Johnny blurted out: "He wants to build a chicken-coop."

What old Prinville said would never be repeated by any self-respecting author. When he had somewhat recovered from the shock he opened the top drawer of his desk and took out a little card which he showed to Johnny.

"See that?" he demanded "John P. Evans?"

"Yes, sir," said Johnny.

"Well," said Augustus H., "the P stands for *Pest!* There's the door."

Edward J. Hickey, '23

A Bumptious Episode

(A True Incident)

It was a warm, sunny day in June. All was quiet and peaceful in a broad residential street of the town. Birds sang and bees hummed on the spacious lawns that surrounded the large, quaint houses that were situated well back from the road. We will direct our attention to one of these—the Smith residence, next to the rector's home. It is a large house, rather old-fashioned, with wide screen doors opening on the little white portico.

As we cross the threshold, we find ourselves in a long, broad hall, the greater part of which is filled by a flight of straight stairs, that descend almost to the door.

It was up these stairs, in one of the rooms above, that Mary Smith, the eighteen-year-old daughter of the house, was just completing her task of sweeping and cleaning in the second story. She had been left alone in the house for the day and was contemplating, her work finished, a pleasant noonday lunch, followed by a quiet afternoon to herself.

Her train of thought was abruptly interrupted by a sharp rapping on the front door. She was at that moment approaching the head of the stairs, about to descend, a lamp in one hand and a broom in the other. She paused and called, "Who's there?" before she made out the figure of a man standing on the portico.

"I have here some fine letter paper, Madam," replied he, in answer to her query; "would you not like some?"

Mary remembered immediately that she was very much in need of some stationery and calling, "I'll be right down," she prepared to descend.

But Alas! Her feet slipped, she sat down suddenly and started a rapid descent, but not in the manner she had expected. Bump! Bump! Bump! Down she came, holding the lamp miraculously on high, the broom trailing behind.

Needless to say, she reached the bottom in a very short time compared with the period consumed in ordinary stair descending, and tho naturally rather dazed, she did not forget her dignity. Rising, as gracefully as might be expected under the circumstances, she calmly set the lamp on a table, stood the broom in a corner and tranquilly approaching the door she said, not in the least disturbed, "Let me see your letter-paper."

The young salesman did not reply; he did not even speak. His jaw dropped and he ceased not to regard this extraordinary young lady with an amazed eye. He swallowed laboriously several times, and backing rapidly away as the girl approached, he fled, thanking his stars that he could so easily escape from this dangerous lunatic. Mary, thinking his actions rather queer, but too giddy to care much about it, sank down on the lowest stair to collect her wits.

About this time Mrs. Whitcomb, the wife of the minister, was reclining on her window-seat, reading one of her favorite books. She vaguely became aware, as she read on, that her husband had let in a young man—a stationery agent, she thought. They had been talking for a few minutes before she was completely brought to her senses by something that the salesman was saying.

"Er—who are the people next door?" he had asked, "Do you know them?"

"The Smith's? Why, surely. Know them very well—good neighbors," replied her husband, "Why do you ask?"

"The er-a-young lady there; is she er-all right?" the man inquired undecidedly.

"All right! Mary Smith?" exploded the rector, "Well, I guess. Fine young lady. What dy'e mean, sir?"

"Well, she—that is I thought she acted -er—a—a little queer."—This rather uneasily; and the stranger, hastily changing the subject at this apparent hostility toward his well-founded curiosity, soon made his departure. The rector hastened into the adjoining room to tell his wife of this strange matter, but she had disappeared.

At this moment she was dashing breathlessly up the front steps of the Smith abode in anxious quest of poor Mary, who sat groaning at the after-effects of her infamous escapade.

Sherman J. Beers, '23

After a Walk in the Woods

The smoky haze of autumn days
Like mourning streamers of a summer past—
Grown old—her beauty lost—
Entwines the trees.
Yet here a gleam of scarlet berries,—
Jewels dropped in hasty flight—
Recalls her violet eyes and rosy cheeks,
Her leaf-green dress.
Summer is fled, her beauty faded
But birch nymphs, slim, shining white
Guard her lost jewels.

M. F. Tompkins, '23

Nobody's Girl

'Twas a week before Christmas and the cold wind was whistling through the streets, while the big, white snowflakes were falling thick and fast. People with bundles were hurrying by. Nobody noticed a thin, cold little girl as she stood in a corner holding out her little hand and asking for money. Nobody noticed the girl as she fell to the ground, unconscious, weak from cold and hunger. Five minutes later she was found nearly frozen and was brought to the nearest hospital.

All that night she was uneasy and kept moaning, "Oh, father, father, come back to me, come back! You do not know how much I need you," and "Oh, Bob, come back to me with father, come back! What a dreadful storm this is. They will be drowned. Oh, how I wish I were dead." Thus she raved all night, but in the morning she was less delirious. A great doctor came and looked very worried when he saw this little waif.

"She will become well," said he, "but her mind will be always blank unless she receives some shock which may restore her reason. I know a great doctor who has become famous in that sort of work and if I can get him I will bring him here to see her."

So the little waif stayed at the hospital. She was liked by everyone. She would sing in her sweet voice to the patients, and, queer as it seemed, she always sang about the sea and storms and shipwrecks.

When the doctor questioned her she could remember nothing. Her soft blue eyes seemed to look far away as if she saw something in the distance, but it was too far for her to distinguish it.

The day before Christmas the nurse told her that a great doctor was coming to see her.

The next day two doctors came into the room. One was the new doctor. He was jolly and was talking to his companion in a very merry way. He came up to the little waif and said, "So this is our little—" but he did not finish the sentence. A strange light of great happiness came into his eyes.

"Alice, Alice! Don't you know me?" he cried, "I am Bob, your brother Bob! Oh, Alice, don't you remember? I am Bob who went to sea!"

The girl's eyes lost their far away look and became brighter and brighter.

"Bob!" she cried. "Bob is with me! Oh, Bob, how I have longed for you! Don't go away anymore, will you, Bob?"

Bob was too happy to speak. He sat by his sister's bedside and told her of his adventures at sea: how the ship had been wrecked and his father drowned, and how he had been miraculously saved. He told her also how he had landed on an island where there was but one inhabitant, a doctor.

"It was he who taught me surgery," said Bob. "As soon as I reached America again I started out to find you. It was surely God who guided my steps here."

As he finished speaking the doctor and the nurse opened the door and peeped in; and they saw the beautiful picture of the reunited brother and sister.

"She has recovered now," said the doctor, smilingly, and he closed the door, leaving the brother and sister to tell each other their own story.

Olivette Bonin

The Fable of Our Forefathers

Once upon a time—and believe us, it was some time ago,—back in the Primary Age there was a school known as P. H. S. This ancient school, whose origin is lost in the comic glimmerings of the Inchoate Ooze, was a classy and distinguished seat of Learning and Loafing.

The school also trained Toe Ball teams of eleven brawny scholars to compete from era to era with other schools. But the P. H. S. Toe Ball team won no fame for their Alma Mater despite its magnitude and pre-eminence as a place of Knowledge (and this despite the fact that Knowledge was pretty rare in those days). But this was not because the teams were so punk. Rival schools little known among the high brows of two-inch elevation were famed far and wide for their Toe Ball teams.

The records are shot to pieces, but it can be imagined from this what the enemies did: in the Cretaceous, Jurassic, Triassic and Mesozoic eras we know that the Toe Ball team from Stetegrasmus School walloped P. H. S. 673 to 0, with thirty-six dead and fifty-four dying as the tablets went to press; and that Dinosaur Academy scalped P. H. S. 346 to 0, fifteen knocked off and thirty-two wounded; and that Peridactyl Prep slaughtered P. H. S. 793 to 7 and caused thereby two

hundred forty casualties; and that—but what's the use? Let the carnage cease.

It made the Titaniferous blood of those at P. H. S. boil like basalt. Mass meetings were held and everybody besought everybody else to come to the games and cheer, (lately invented by one loud voice). At last with much persuasion the student body attended a game.

It was almost a shame. The scorekeepers quit when P. H. S. was leading 4048 to 0 with the score mounting rapidly through knockouts and dragouts.

From then on P. H. S. reigned supreme, and even to now we have upheld to the best of our ability the traditions of the Antediluvian Avalanche.

Thomas Flynn '23



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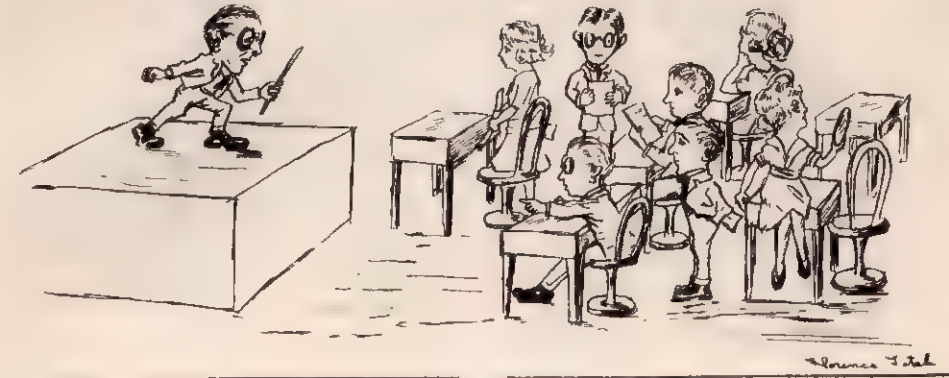
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STUDENT ACTIVITIES



The Senior B Class

The class of 1923 met for the first time on the 26th of September. The class officers were elected; they are: President, Susan Strong; Vice-President, Elizabeth Bagg; Secretary, Ina More; Treasurer, Frances Pierce. At following meetings a great amount of business was transacted. The two members who were chosen to represent our class in the Student Council are Edward Goodrich and Rachel Sheldon, both earnest and active members of our class. After many lengthy discussions our class rings were decided upon and from the order that has been sent in, they seem to be favorable to all. A constitution was drawn up and rules and regulations were made that will be to the benefit of all. The spirit of the constitution is coöperation, and that is what forms the foundation of success. Every member strives to make our class the ideal, and the new class has begun its term in a clear business like manner. Plans have been made that give promise of a rosy future and of making this Senior B Class the best ever organized in Pittsfield High School.

Ina More.

The Junior A Class

The first Junior A meeting of the semester was held on September 19, without any serious casualty in spite of the general clamor and uproar. The following officers were elected: President, Neill Bridges; Vice-President, Pauline Wagner; Treasurer, Elizabeth White; Secretary, Robert Acly; Executive Committee, Helen Beattie. We also chose Mr. Russell as Class Adviser, to succeed Mr. Howes who left last June. All branches of the Prom Committee are active with the objective of making this Prom successful both socially and financially. Our treasurer, Betty White, is so earnestly on the war path that few dues remain unpaid. We cannot prevent ourselves from getting swelled heads on account of what Mr. Strout told us about the Juniors at the last assembly, and we hope to keep this favorable impression in the mind of our principal.

Robert Acly, '24.

Junior B Class

What is the most important thing that ever happened on September 25? Now don't run to a musty old history for any Junior B will tell you that that was the date of our first class meeting. It was a very successful one, too, as you will soon agree. Mr. Moon presided and had a little trouble in harnessing the lively spirit of the class down to work. And, wonderful to say, our first ballot for president was void because there were too many ballots. This is very sad. It has never happened to any previous class, at least in the report of the secretary. But in our second ballot Mr. Gamwell was elected president. He was given a strong feminine vote. Mr. Howard received the vice presidency while the capable hands of Bernice Jordan were given control of the purse strings. In the vote for class adviser, the majority voted for the president of the meeting and we now proudly own as adviser, Mr. Moon. The meeting was then adjourned and that night the Junior B's slept peacefully, content that they had started their class well on its glorious career.

On Tuesday, the tenth of October, we held the second of our rare but businesslike meetings. At this meeting we elected Mr. Wollison our representative to the student council. It seems to have been unfortunate for him as he has been prevented by an accident from attending the majority of the council meetings. His place was taken very well, however, by our vice-president, Mr. Howard. Upon our capable treasurer we imposed the duty of obtaining the sum of twenty-five cents, by fair means or foul, from each member every month including October. To aid her in this difficult task, she has appointed Miss Yeadon as assistant treasurer. Our class and its money are not very difficult to part, it seems, for our treasury already contains a sum which reflects great credit on the class of '24.

Mabel Knight,
Secretary

The Ukelele Club

"Ssh! I hear something!"

"Yes, so do I."

"Oh I know! It is that song, 'Has Anybody Seen My Kitty!'"

"Oh yes! It must be that the uke club is meeting."

"Is there a uke club?"

"Why, yes, didn't you know it? They meet in the auditorium Wednesdays after school and Miss Day sees that the music is not too disconsolate."

"Can anyone join?"

"Yes, the only thing that is required is that you have a uke."

"I've got a uke."

"Well, why don't you come around next Wednesday? They seem to have great fun. Now they are singing 'Georgette.' It sounds fine, doesn't it?"

Pauline Wagner.

Teacher—"What is three-sevenths of a chicken, two-thirds of a cat and half a goat?"

Freshman—"Chi-ca-go."



Hello Exchanges!

Our Student's Pen is out again and with your helpful hints we hope to raise it to the nth power. We thank you, "The Blue and Gold," Malden High School, Malden, Mass.; "Central Recorder," Central High School, Springfield, Mass.; "The Garnet and Gray," Albany High School, Albany, N. Y.; "The Gryphon," Ironton High School, Ironton, Ohio; "The Messenger Proof Sheet," Saint Stephen's College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.; "The Nut Shell," Stonington High School, Stonington, Conn.; "Palmetto and Pine," St. Petersburg High School, St. Petersburg, Fla.; "The Sabre," Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal, Va.; "The Spectator," Chicopee High School, Chicopee, Mass.; "Syracuse Daily Orange," Syracuse University, New York; "The Top O' The Hill," Gorin High School, Gorin, Missouri; "The Ypsi Sem," Ypsilante High School Mich.; "The Wichita Hi-Times," Wichita Falls High School, Wichita Falls, Texas.

We Wish to Congratulate

"The Central Recorder" on your editorials, but where are your exchanges?

"The Garnet and Gray" on its very artistic and attractive appearance.

"The Gryphon" on a snappy and newsy paper. However a more convenient size sheet would be an improvement we think.

"The Newtonian" on its cleverness.

"The Palmetto and Pine" on a neat and interesting paper. We would like to know, however, where your exchanges are.

"The Sabre" on its clever jokes and poems.

"The Shucis" on a very entertaining and unusual book.

"The Megaphone" on a good magazine. We would suggest an addition of poems.

"The Ypsi Sem" on an interesting paper.

"The Argus"—Waterbury, Conn. This is one of the best High School newspapers we receive. It is full of interesting news items, and has just enough stories and jokes to make it interesting as a literary paper also.

Pauline Wagner

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL NOTES

First Game

Pittsfield High opened its football season of 1922 at Suffield and played a scoreless tie with the Suffield second team. The high school aggregation outplayed their opponents. With a minute to go and the ball on the six yard line, the Suffield backfield held a conversation and time was up when they finished. The failure to take time out cost Pittsfield the game. Controy played well for Pittsfield.

Second Game

Pittsfield's second game resulted in an overwhelming victory over Williamstown by a score of 43 to 0. Garrity made four touchdowns, Steenrod two and Whalen one. The Williamstown eleven were outclassed from the start and Coach Carmody had all second-team men playing when the final whistle blew.

Third Game

Pittsfield High repeated its good work by defeating Dalton 26 to 0. Pittsfield was unable to score in the first quarter but after this period, the game was played in Dalton's territory. During the last quarter second string men were rushed into the game. Wood made two touchdowns while Garrity and Whalen also succeeded in crossing Dalton's goal line. Gains by Garrity and Wood were the features of the game. About two hundred and fifty students of Pittsfield High turned out for this game.

Fourth Game

Adams defeated Pittsfield at Wahconah Park 6 to 0. This game was the poorest exhibition of football displayed by the high school team this year. A forward pass, Herman to Tobouish, gave Adams the only score of the game. Poor judgment on the part of Pittsfield was the greatest factor in the defeat.

Pittsfield was on the way to a touchdown numerous times but there was always some break in the game that was costly to the local team. Graves was the individual star of the game.

Pittsfield Trounces Drury 23 to 6

Pittsfield High won its most important game of the season by defeating Drury 23 to 6. The victory was the first scored by a Pittsfield team over Drury since 1919, when "Al" MacArthur made a long run, after intercepting a forward pass. Drury did not expect such opposition as Pittsfield furnished. Only thirteen men were used by Coach Carmody. Toolan, the one man on whom Drury pinned its hopes, was at the mercy of the Pittsfield team.

Graves kicked off for Pittsfield. After three successive tries at the line, Toolan made a forty yard run. Carey replaced Flynn and Steenrod replaced Abrams. Drury found holes in the Pittsfield line, and after consistent gains Scully made a touchdown. Madison failed in an attempt to kick a goal.

The tide turned and Pittsfield now displayed its finest brand of football. Steenrod made 30 yards and fumbled, Bastow recovering the ball on Drury's ten yard line. After four attempts Pittsfield fell short of a touchdown by inches. Drury made five yards on three plays and then tried an unsuccessful forward. On a triple pass Steenrod crossed Drury's line for a touchdown. This was the first time in two years that any North Berkshire team had scored on Drury. Graves then kicked the winning point.

Pittsfield scored again in the second period on a forward pass, Garrity to Steenrod. Graves made a point by a placement kick.

Graves kicked off to Kelley, who ran the ball back to his 40 yard line. Drury opened an aerial attack. A forward pass, Toolan to Clark, put the ball on Pittsfield's 28 yard line. Toolan went back to throw forward and held the ball so long that both Pittsfield's ends were in on him. Carey succeeded in dropping him for a fifteen yard loss. Again he tried the same place and Carey repeated by dropping him for another fifteen yard loss. Toolan punted and Garrity was downed on his 28 yard line. The half ended.

At the beginning of the second half, Graves kicked to Toolan, who rushed the ball back to his 45 yard line. He was tackled so hard that he was unable to

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carry the ball during the remainder of the game. Drury launched an attack that brought the ball to Pittsfield's ten yard line. Pittsfield held Drury for downs. Garrity gained five yards. Whalen made his great run through left side of Drury's line with the aid of Gregory's interference. Graves registered another point on a goal from placement.

In the fourth period Drury brought the pigskin to Pittsfield's 5 yard line and lost it on a fumble. Pittsfield brought the ball to Drury's 5 yard line. Kelley intercepted a forward pass on his 2 yard line. Drury lined up and Toolan's punt was blocked. There was a made scramble for the ball and Scully of Drury recovered it. This was the last play and gave Pittsfield its final two points.

Graves and Learned did some fine work for Pittsfield while the rest of the members of the team played a wonderful game. Too much credit cannot be given to "Lefty" Whalen who has proven to be a great field general for the team. Scully and N. Rosch played well for Drury.

The line-up:

Pittsfield	Drury
Flynn, Carey, l.e.	r.e., Gartman, N. Rosch
Learned, l.t.	r.t., Levine
Controy, l.g.	r.g., Belouin
Gregory, c.	c., F. Rosch
Jordan, r.g.	l.g., Jaffe, Noetzel
Graves, r.t.	l.t., Wescott
Bastow, r.e.	l.e., N. Rosch, Kelly
Whalen, q.b.	q.b., Toolan
Garrity, l.h.b.	r.h.b., Scully
Wood, Abrams, r.h.b.	l.h.b., Madison, N. Rosch, Kelly
Wood, Steenrod, f.b.	f.b., Clark, Delnegro

Score: Pittsfield High 23, Drury High 6.

Touchdowns: Steenrod 2, Whalen, Scully.

Points from touchdown: Graves 3. Safety, Scully.

Referee: Regan of Holyoke. Umpire: Anderson of Adams.

Head linesman: Allen of North Adams.

Time: four 12-minute periods.

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Pittsfield 21—Lee 0

Pittsfield defeated Lee, 21 to 0 at Lee, Armistice Day. Coach Carmody put second string men in the line-up, this being the main reason that the scoring was not greater. Garrity made two touchdowns and Steenrod one. Garrity also kicked the 3 goals after touchdown.

St. Joseph's 10—Pittsfield 0

Pittsfield High received a 10 to 0 defeat at the hands of St. Joseph's, its city rival, on November 18, before the largest crowd of fans that has assembled to see a North Berkshire league game this year and the largest crowd of P. H. S. students that has attended a game in recent years.

Coach Carmody's aggregation, which trimmed Drury to the tune of 23 to 6, was not the team that played St. Joseph's. The line, minus two stars, Graves and Bastow, failed to show its great power. Learned played a good game but there was no Graves playing right tackle. The fighting spirit that predominated in the Drury game was not present. In other words, the members of the Pittsfield Team did their best but were outfought by their opponents. More, too, can be said, that Dame Fortune favored St. Joseph's with the only two breaks of the game, and the two that led to scoring. This defeat put Pittsfield in fourth place in the North Berkshire League standing.

Learned, Controy, Jordan, Steenrod and Garrity did the best work for Pittsfield while Conroy, C. St. James and McNaughton starred for St. Joseph's.

The line-up:

St. Joseph's	Pittsfield
Wise, l.e.	r.e., Carey, Abrams, Whalen
Conroy, l.t.	r.t., Gregory, Reynolds, Goodman
Garvin, l.g.	r.g., Jordan
Fortin, c.	c., Doyle, Gregory
Dudley, r.g.	l.g., Controy
McNally, r.t.	l.t., Learned
Viale, r.e.	l.e., Flynn
W. St. James, q.b.	q.b., Whalen, Foley
Coakley, l.h.b.	r.h.b., Wood
McNaughton, r.h.b.	l.h.b., Garrity
C. St. James, f.b.	f.b., Steenrod

Score: St. Joseph's 10, Pittsfield 0

Touchdown: C. St. James. Field goal, McNaughton

Goal after touchdown, McNaughton

Referee, Reagan, Holyoke; Umpire, Goewey, Georgetown

Head linesman, Krapf, U. S. A.

Time, four 12-minute periods.

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Scoring for Pittsfield:

	Touchdowns	Goals after Touchdowns
Garritty	7	4
Steenrod	4	0
Whalen	4	0
Wood	2	0
Graves	0	5

Points for the Season:

Pittsfield	0	Suffield B	0
Pittsfield	43	Williamstown	0
Pittsfield	26	Dalton	0
Pittsfield	0	Adams	6
Pittsfield	23	Drury	6
Pittsfield	21	Lee	0
Pittsfield	0	St. Joseph's	10
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total—P. H. S.	113	Opponents	22

Review of Football Season 1922

Pittsfield High has enjoyed its best football season in four years. The main reason for this is the 23 to 6 victory over our old rival, Drury, at North Adams.

At the end of this season Pittsfield's record was four victories, two defeats, and a tie game. The first game which was played at Suffield against the Suffield B team resulted in a tie. Williamstown was the victim of a 43 to 0 defeat. Pittsfield continued its good work and conquered Dalton 26 to 0. Adams handed Coach Carmody's crew a 6 to 0 defeat which came as a surprise to both team and student body. Visions of the championship faded. But the next game, the one which all the students of Pittsfield high wanted, was won by the team. This 23 to 6 victory over Drury showed the fighting spirit and power of Coach Carmody's eleven and broke many traditions. The team enjoyed one more victory by defeating Lee 21 to 0. In the last game, the local eleven received a 10 to 0 set-back from St. Joseph's, the team's city rival. It was expected that P. H. S. would be the victor, but the team was minus two stars and the fighting spirit that was predominant in the Drury game.

Despite the fact that P. H. S. had a good record the team landed fourth position in the North Berkshire League. Too much cannot be said about Adams, the winner, which scored only 18 points, won two games and tied three. It was their defensive power that made them champions.

The students of Pittsfield High School will be glad to know that George O'Brien and William "Red" Weltman have succeeded in making the teams at Belfonte Academy and Suffield Prep School, respectively. Pittsfield High lost two valuable athletes when these two boys left.

George O'Brien who was at P. H. S. for only a year and a half, earned 5 letters during that time. He played fullback on last year's football team, center on the basketball team during the seasons of 1920-1921, 1921-1922, and first base on the baseball team of 1921, 1922.

"Red" Weltman, another three-sport man at Pittsfield High, has entered Suffield Preparatory School. While at Pittsfield High he earned 6 letters. He played two years at each sport and was captain of the 1921-1922 basketball team. Red's friends are confident that he will earn a place on the basketball team at Suffield.

The Basketball Outlook for 1922-23

Coach Carmody's crack quintet of last year has been wrecked by the departure of four veterans. George O'Brien and "Red" Weltman have gone to preparatory schools, while "Billie" Bridges and "Johnnie" Farrell have transferred to St. Joseph's High of the city.

A big problem will be encountered by the coach as he has only "Dave" Dannybuski, star forward of last year's team, to build a team around. He has, however, promising candidates in Nelligan, Campion, Heister, Whalen, Doyle and Controy.

Manager Gitelman has booked a number of exhibition games. Albany High will be Pittsfield's first opponent. These two teams clash December 9, at the Boy's Club. Furthermore, the local aggregation will meet strong teams before playing the first league game with Adams and will be ready to give the North Berkshire team a stiff battle on January 6.

Remember Boys

It's easy to fight when you're winning,
When you know in the glory you'll share,
When the dawn of victory is beginning,
And your friends surround you out there.

It's easy to cheer when victory's near
And you carry the ball thru to glory.
It's easy to fight when everything's right,
But there's another part to the story.

It's a different song when everything's wrong,
And the score is not of your choosing.
When the game's about done, and hope there's none,
Then show your fight when your losing.

P. C.
Ex. G. C.

"Ever study a blotter?"
"No, foolish."
"Very absorbing thing."

—Yale Record

Villain (laughing)—"Ho, you are helpless, the old homestead belongs to me."

Hero—"Where are the papers?"

Villain—"At the blacksmith's."

Hero—"You are having them forged?"

Villain—"Nay, nay, I am having them filed."

—Exchange

"Say, is that the moon rising over there?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I'm a stranger here myself."

—"Wampus"

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Ye Poll Parrot

"You'll have to dive off that high cliff and rescue the heroine," said the movie director.

"What!" ejaculated the star. "Why, there's not two feet of water below!"

"Certainly not," returned the director, comfortingly, "you can't possibly drown."

—American Legion Weekly

Willie: "Pop, what is a death rattle?"

Pop (who knows): "The last gasp of an expiring Ford."

"What's that queer noise upstairs?"

"That's father singing the baby to sleep."

"No, no—I mean that queer, regular wheezing sound?"

"That? Oh, that's the baby pretending to snore."

Handballer—"I have often wondered why you do not take up dramatics; you act well."

Footballer—"I came near being an actor once."

Handballer—"Did you? How's that?"

Footballer—"I had my leg in a cast."

"Business ain't nothing like the army," complained an old timer. "In a business office you walk right into the room marked 'General' but you gotta keep out of the one with 'Private' on the door."

—Exchange

Pater—"You kept the car out rather late last night—what delayed you?"

Son—"Had a blow-out, Dad."

Pater—"H'm. Tire or roadhouse?"

—Exchange

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If she talks too long—INTERRUPTER

If her way of thinking is not your's—CONVERTER

If she is willing to come half way—METER

If she will come all the way—RECEIVER

If she becomes quarrelsome—DISPATCHER

If she wants to be an angel—TRANSFORMER

If she wants chocolates—FEEDER

If she sings wrong—TUNER

If she is a poor cook—DISCHARGER

If she is in the country—TELEGRAPHER

If she eats too much—REDUCER

If she is wrong—RECTIFIER

If she is cold to you—HEATER

If her dress unhooks—CONNECTER

If she fumes and sputters—INSULATOR

If she becomes upset—REVERSER

"What are you doing up there, building a bird house?"

"No, foolish, I'm erecting a service station for flying fish."

—Exchange

Frank—Why are you always so particular about the taxicabs you choose?

Sue—Because I want them to match the dresses I wear.

Dad (seriously)—My boy don't you think it's about time for you to stand alone?

Bill (cheerfully)—Sure, dad, I can stand a loan anytime.

Mrs. Bennett—Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

Mort White (after three minutes of silence)—At the bottom.

"A beggar is at the door ma'am. He has a sign, 'Deaf and Dumb'."

"Tell him it's impossible for me to listen to him."

Freshman (to worthy Senior)—When do you expect to graduate?

Senior—Every Year.

Servant—There's a man to see you sir.

Master—Tell him to take a chair.

Servant—He has sir. He's taken them all, and they're moving out the piano now. He's from the furniture store.

Mr. Keaney—Young man, do you know anything about this course?

Jake—A little sir. What would you like to know?

Mr. Bulger (explaining chemistry 1-4)—"What can be substituted for H. O?"

Carey—"Shredded Wheat."

Bill Parker—"Do you know anything about golf?"

P. Power—"Not a thing; I wouldn't even know how to hold my caddy properly."

Overcut

Once I took all my cuts and went to see my girl. With a few cutting remarks she cut me cold. I took a short-cut home, but was hit by a truck-load of cut-glass with the cutout open. I was all cut up about it and was taken to a hospital and cut up some more. Yesterday I killed a man for calling me a cut-up. I'll never fall again unless they cut the rope when they hang me.

—Yale Record

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That history repeats itself,
A proverb claims, I've heard.
But when Mrs. Bennett calls on me
It never says a word.

A fellow who swallowed a drachm
Of poison grew cold as a clachm.
Till somebody said
"I don't think he's quite dead"
Then the corpse quickly answered: "I achm."

Since then they say that his ghost
Walks each night around the bed phost
Thus scaring his folks,
Unused to such jolks,
Clean out of their senses, almhost.

There was a young man from Dakota
Who purchased a second-hand mota,
But as he foreboded
The darn thing exploded;
Now Dakota is minus a vota.

—Exchange

Dumb—"I see the Greeks are holding aloof."
Bell—"Oh! I thought the Turks had captured that place."

Jack—"If a ship was sunk at sea would a safety razor?"
Jill—"No, but dynamite."

—Exchange

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Friend—"Why do you wear your beard so long?"
Husband—"Because my wife buys my neckties."

What great man do you think of when you put coal on the fire?
Philip the Grate.

What is the correct definition of a Flapper?
A Flapper is a young girl who goes about with an open neck to catch men, but catches cold instead.

What kind of rooms are mushrooms?
Why the parlor is usually the mushroom.

Three Days' Grace

Maggie's sweetheart, a proverbially tight-fisted Scot, had taken her out for the afternoon and that was about all. They rode some distance on the trolley, then turned around and rode home. Never was mention made of food or entertainment.

Back within her own gateway Maggie, who had keenly felt the neglect, sarcastically proffered Sandy a dime.

"For the carfare you spent on me," she said meaningly.

"Hoots, toots, woman," returned Sandy, pocketing the coin, "There was nae hurry. Saturday wad hae been time enough."

—Exchange

"We had not been hunting long," began a sportsman boastfully, "when my rifle cracked and there lay a rabbit dead at my feet."

"Had it been dead long?" asked a skeptical friend.

An American officer was drilling a Russian regiment. He sneezed and three men answered "Here."

—Tiger

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Overheard in Chemistry 1-4

E. Crierie—"Are you doing anything this evening."

Florence M. (eagerly)—"No, nothing at all."

E. Crierie—"Gee, that's an awful waste of time."

Miss Clifford—"What makes the leaves turn red in the fall?"

Voice from the rear—"Guess they are blushing to think how green they've been all summer."

Women's faults are many,
Men's are only two—
Everything they say and everything they do.

"Hey, quit scratching your head."

"What for?"

"You'll get splinters in your fingers."

"Hubert is the very essence of courtesy."

"He is?"

"Yes. He even refers to 'wall flowers' as mural decorations."

—*Pelican*

Tramp—"Your dog just bit a piece of flesh out of my leg, mum."

Woman—"Glad you mentioned it. I was just going to feed him."

The motorist emerged from beneath the car and struggled for breath. His helpful spouse, holding an oil can, beamed on him.

"I've just given the cylinder a thorough oiling, Dick."

"Cylinder?" howled the motorist. "That wasn't the cylinder, it was my ear!"

"That ends my tail," said the monkey as he backed into the lawnmower.

He—"You didn't know who I was at the game yesterday, did you?"

She—"No, who were you?"

"Are you fond of tea?"

"Yes, but I like the next letter better."

Father (sadly)—"Son I'm afraid I shall never see you in heaven."

Son (innocently)—"Why, what have you been doing now?"

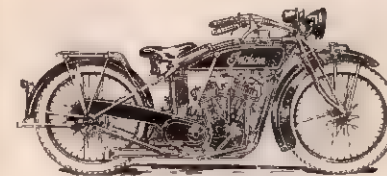
Longshoreman—"Hey, Bill, w'er is the skipper?"

Bill—"e's dead."

Longshoreman—"Blime me! Wot complaint?"

Bill—"None, we're satisfied."

—*The Log*



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"Why didn't you send a man up to fix our electric bell?"

"He did go up, madame, but as he rang twice and got no answer, he concluded there was no one at home."

The Prisoner—"Your Honor, it is true that I was speeding but I can explain if you will give me a little time."

His Honor—"Ten days."

Some singers get \$1000 a night, but look at the risks they run!

Minister (at baptismal font)—"Name, please."

Mother (baby born abroad)—"Philip Ferdinand Percival Chesterfield Randolph of Livingstone."

Minister (aside to assistant)—"A little more water, please."

Waiter—"Here, what are you doing with that tablespoon in your pocket?"

Customer—"Doctor's orders."

Waiter—"What-da-yu-mean, Doctor's orders?"

Customer—"He told me to take a tablespoon after every meal."

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